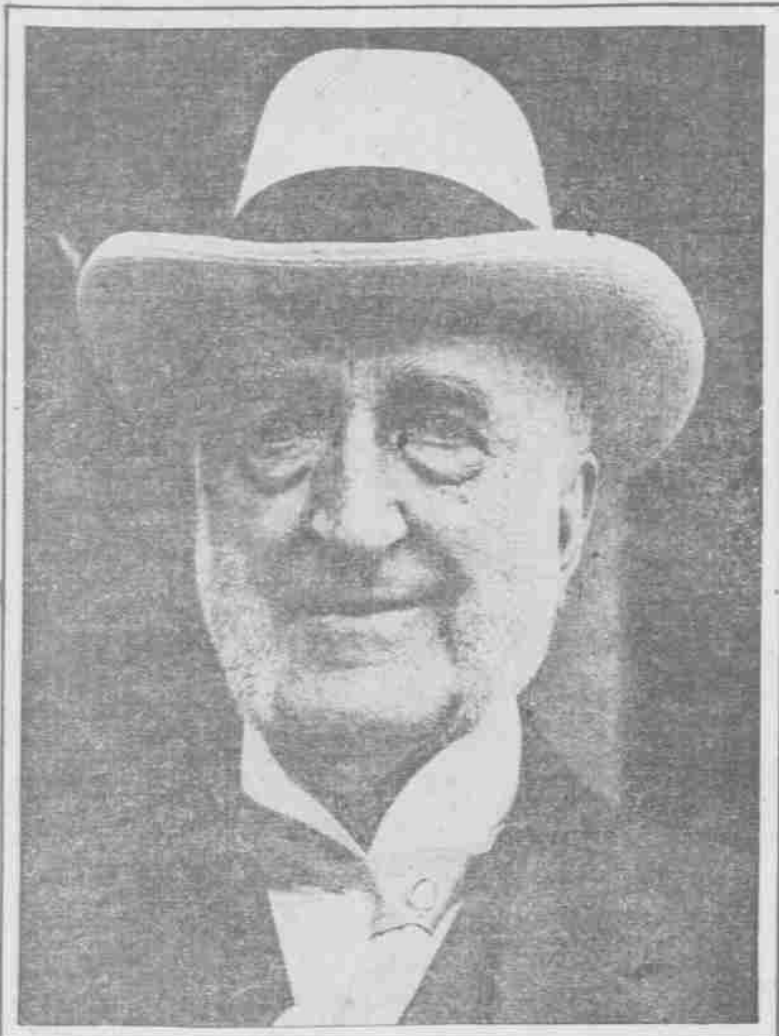


# A Little of the Fund of Fun That Made Chauncey Depew Famous



He Feels a Joke Coming.



HE'S AT HOME ANYWHERE.  
In England He Drops His H's. In France, "Vive La Gloire!" In Germany, "Hoch!  
Noch Eins!" In Italy, "Three a Nick! This Is Home."

## A Letter Depew Once Received.

DEAR MR. DEPEW—We are getting up a negro minstrel show for the purpose of buying a set of colored dishes for the Baptist Church. We are to have four end men, two of whom are women, and one interloper—you know who I mean (I can't spell it), who sits in the middle. We need a lot of new and decent jokes, so as not to shock. There are lots of old women in our church. Won't you sit down and write us about fifty good new jokes; some things that have never been used before? Make them "spliters," as this show is for a new set of dishes for the Baptist Church. Please grind them out as soon as possible, and send them to me. P. S.—We will put on the programme: "All these original jokes were made up by Chauncey Depew." That will pay you for the work.

## A Comeback.

THIS is alleged to be one of the jokes told at one of the late Tim Sullivan's Albany feasts: "Dry Dollar" went into Chauncey M. Depew's office recently, and Senator Depew greeted him. "Well, Tim, you are looking real prosperous," he said. "You must be having a profitable season at Albany." "Oh, yes, Senator," replied Tim. "I can't complain." "Well, now—tell me, Tim," said Depew, "are those stories true about all this crooked business in the Legislature?" "On the dead level, Senator," was Tim's answer, "now, I'll tell you. The only crooked thing up there this Winter was your election as United States Senator."

## Took Him Seriously.

MR. DEPEW says the funniest incident that ever occurred in his political campaigns was in Jefferson County when the late Roswell P. Flower was running for Governor on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Depew, in his speech, made the point that Mr. Flower was always holding office and, notwithstanding the fact that he called himself a business man, had occupied some official position almost continuously ever since he was old enough to vote. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Depew, "everybody knows that he came over with the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, and that before he landed he sent ashore his application for appointment as a policeman in the City of New York, and announced himself a candidate for alderman before he got his naturalization papers." "That's a d— lie!" cried a farmer-looking man who arose in the center of the audience. "I have known Roswell Flower all my life and I say he did no such thing."

## The Clerk Who Got Caught.

HERE is a typical Depew story, and its author is particularly fond of this offspring, born as it was under sunny skies and rehabilitated to point a moral in one of the Senator's famous political speeches: "Last time I was travelling in the South I had to put up over night at a second-rate hotel in Western Georgia. I said to the clerk when I entered: 'Where shall I autograph?' 'Autograph?' said the clerk. '—Yes, sign my name, you know.' 'Oh, right here.' As I was signing my name in the register, I came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellows immediately recognizable as Georgia Crackers. One of the men advanced to the desk. 'Will you autograph?' asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority. 'Certainly,' said the Georgia Cracker, his face no less radiant than that of the clerk; 'mine's rye.' 'There was no escape for the clerk and he treated with as good grace as he could command under the circumstances. Next morning I said to him: 'That was too bad, the way you got caught last night.' 'Well, I suppose I shouldn't complain,' he replied; 'but the next time I speak a foreign language in my own country I'll know what I'm talking about.'"

## The Woodchuck Story.

TO illustrate the position of one of the great national parties during a campaign noted for its fiery partisanship, Mr. Depew tells this story of the youthful politician and the woodchuck: "The tutor in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles: 'You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And, Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?' 'I am, sir.' 'And, Jim, you are a Democrat?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck which I caught on my way to school this morning.' 'I am a Republican,' said the first boy, 'because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery.' 'And, Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?' 'I'm a Prohibitionist,' rattled off the youth, 'because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses.' 'Excellent reasons, Bill,' remarked the tutor encouragingly. 'Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?' 'Well, sir,' was the slow reply, 'I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck.' 'And he got it, too,' added Mr. Depew."

## Good Opportunity to Learn.

IF you are married you will have just as much time as if you were single—if you know how to find it. Your wife will give you plenty of time waiting for her. Don't fret and fume during this interim—read. I have known men to pick up a liberal education reading while waiting for their wives to go out.

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He Laughs "From the Heart Out."

raising question, 'I don't know nothin', and I couldn't swear that I know that.'"

## Taken Literally.

DEPEW engaged a new office boy. Said Mr. Depew: "Who carried off my paper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Depew. "The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Depew asked: "Jimmie, who opened that window?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?" "The window cleaner, sir." Mr. Depew wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James, we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, Chauncey."

## Depew Wasn't in a Hurry.

SENATOR DEPEW was leaving the President's office one day when a venerable, white-haired preacher from the West stopped him at the door and shook his hand. "I'm glad to meet you again," exclaimed the Senator, cordially. "I trust to meet you in heaven," exclaimed the preacher, as he reluctantly let go of Depew's hand. "I hope it will be a long time before you go, and still longer before we meet there, sir," replied the Senator.

## Like Old Times.

A FRIEND of mine, stopping recently at a Washington hotel, sat beside a bride who had been a widow, and on her first wedding journey had stayed at the same inn. She said: "John, pass me the butter." The bridegroom indignantly replied: "My name is not John, it is Charles." She said: "Excuse my mistake, Charles," and then, tasting the butter, added reflectively, "But it is the same butter."

## More Than Her Share.

WHILE in Peekskill I went to call on two old friends, a widow and a maiden lady. Said the widow: "Well, I married when I was quite young. My husband died and I had him cremated. In about two years I married again; he died and I had him cremated. I married a third time and lived to cremate him." "Ah," answered the maiden lady, "wonderful are the ways of Providence. Here I've lived all these years and never have been able to be married to one, and you've had husbands to burn."

## Strange Story.

THERE is an old story of a lawyer named Strange and his wife having a conference as to the things he wished done after he had departed this life. "I want a headstone put over me, my dear," said the lawyer, "with the simple inscription: 'Here lies an honest lawyer.'"

## One of Depew's Coffee Coolers.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer was caught by a disciple after he retired taking a hot whiskey punch. Said his shocked follower: "I thought you were a total abstainer?" "So I am," said the lecturer, "but not a bigoted one."

## Took It Seriously.

THE English are a methodical, plain and straightforward people. Sometimes American humor is not clear to them. I remember one thing in connection with a trip I made abroad one time. I was invited to attend a dinner given by a medical society. I was called upon for a speech, and in the course of my talk I said that I knew a woman who lived on Long Island and ate so many claims that her waist rose and fell with the tide. The joke did not seem to take, but I lived through it. Sometime afterward, in looking through an English medical journal, I saw this story reprinted and stated as a pathological fact.

## The Usual Compromise.

IN his law practice Lincoln discouraged his neighbors who wished to go to law. One day a farmer drove in to get a divorce. He had built a frame house and wished it painted white. His wife wanted it brown. There had been an argument and then there had been trouble. Mr. Lincoln said to him: "You have not lived with this woman all these years without learning that there is such a thing as a compromise. Go back home; think no more of this divorce for a month. Then come to me again." In a month the farmer returned. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "we have agreed on a compromise. We are going to have the house painted brown."

## Judge Howland on Depew.

"CHAUNCEY DEPEW," said Judge Howland, "has at last confessed that his chestnuts are a backyard production. We all know the characteristics of things that are found in back yards. They are usually decayed and worm-eaten. They make good fertilizer. As he says, I have found them useful in the cultivation of exotics. I never look too closely into the history of the good things I use. I feel like the woman who was asked if she did not boil the Croton water nowadays to kill the microbes. 'No,' she said. 'I'd rather be an aquarium than a morgue.'"

## A Campaign Lie.

I HAD an illustration during a campaign that the most innocent minds may be misinterpreted, and neither truth nor facts can properly prevail during a presidential canvass. Even the rivalries of the great heroes of the naval war become political scrimities. When at Cobleskill I was endeavoring to calm the rioters by one process and another, all of which failed, I finally said, "You are trying to break up this meeting and suppress free speech by the weapon with which Samson slew the Philistines." Instantly a fine specimen of Schobarie antediluvian shouted, "That's another campaign lie! It was not Samson that killed the Philistines; it was Dewey."

## When Depew Had to Pretend.

WHILE riding one day in the cars a citizen took half of the seat which I occupied and said: "Senator, do you remember my riding with you on the Hudson River Railroad in 1876?" It was just before an election, and I said I did. Said he: "Do you remember my telling you that I had shipped several thousand barrels of apples to England?" I said, "Yes." "And that the one subject which has been occupying my mind for thirty years was what was the result of that venture?" Well," he said, "I lost my apples."

## Depew Caught Telling an Old One.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW doesn't like at least one man in Buffalo. And this is how it happened. It was at a dinner. Mr. Depew had been called upon for a speech, and he responded by telling a story. "Senator Evans," said the great raconteur, "bought a farm up in Vermont recently and took his family there to spend the Summer. Mr. Evans managed to visit the folks about once a week, but business made it necessary for him to live in New York. Among the amusements appertaining to the farm was a donkey, which soon became a great pet with the young folks. 'Not long ago Mr. Evans was startled by the receipt of a telegram from home. It was from his youngest daughter. 'Dear papa,' she said, 'something ails the donkey. I'm afraid he is sick. He keeps heaving all the time and seems to be very lonesome. Please come home.' After the laughter which followed Mr. Depew's recital had subsided the Buffalo man got up and said: 'That, as Abraham Lincoln used to say, reminds me of a story which I heard some years ago. Senator Evans had bought a farm down in Vermont and took his family there to spend the Summer. Among the amusements appertaining to the place was a donkey, which soon became a great pet.' The guests smiled broadly as he began, and when he had finished the same story that had been told by Mr. Depew they applauded and declared that it was a good joke. But Mr. Depew, according to the statement of one who relates the incident, felt that he had been insulted, and when he was reminded that the Buffalo man was as deaf as a post and hadn't heard a word that had been said, the gentleman who had been chosen to help represent New York in the Senate only seemed to feel more aggrieved."

## Decidedly Non-Committal.

TO a question the Senator once wished to sidestep he remarked: "I am like the Michigan lumberman who replied to an embar-

## More Short and to the Point.

AT the time that Depew was president of the New York Central he attended a banquet at which, of course, he was one of the speakers. When the time came for him to be called upon he arose and prefaced his remarks by solemnly reading a letter which ran something like this: "My Dear Mr. Depew—I have just read one of your very amusing speeches delivered at the end of one of those sumptuous banquets you attend. I am wondering what sort of a speech you would deliver after eating at the lunch counter at your station out here in Old Bend, Ill."

## Like Lot's Wife.

ONE day not long ago I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured. "In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied. "But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked. "Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."

## One About Ingersoll.

IN St. Paul's Cathedral rests the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the Duke of Wellington. I asked the guide there if he remembered "Bob" Ingersoll. He said that he did, and that Mr. Ingersoll was a great man. When "Bob" was there not long before the guide said to him: "Sir, this is holy ground." "Why so?" asked "Bob," not feeling at home. "Because," said the guide, "this is the monument of the duke." "What duke?" said "Bob." "All the dukes are my intimate friends." "The Great Duke, the Iron Duke," replied the unsuspecting guide, "the Duke of Wellington. We placed his body in an iron coffin and around that we molded seven lead coffins, and we placed him in that block of gray granite which weighs thirty tons, and upon that we placed that other block which weighs twenty-five tons." "Bob" gave the guide a whack on the back that sent him half-way across the room and shouted: "Old man, you've got him! If he ever gets away, cable at my expense to R. G. Ingersoll, Peoria, Illinois."